

THE TROUSSEAU OF MISS BELLE NEILSON,

THE wedding trousseau of Miss Belle Neilson was entirely the creation of American artists. This form of patriotism is so strangely unique among the brides of the "Four Hundred" that the Paris aspirants showered sketches upon the young lady, imploring her attention and patronage. But, alas! for all such outside the States, Mademoiselle declared for America and her genius.

Among the ladies that understand the art of dressing there has been much rebellion in a quiet way, especially during the past year. They object to the prevailing system of the leading dressmakers in town of importing a limited number of the same design as a model gown. The result of this scheme is that a lady who can afford to be well gowned pays a big price for the privilege of seeing her attire duplicated by perhaps her closest friend or worst enemy, with but a slight variation, perhaps, in the combination of colors or materials employed. This is exactly what Miss Neilson proposed to escape. Many of her gowns have been especially designed for her, and bear not the slightest resemblance to the hackneyed French model gowns that one gets familiar with to a degree that breeds contempt before the close of each and every season.

So simple, dainty and unusual are these creations that they are in themselves the strongest argument possible in favor of less blind servile following only of those fashions that bear the hitherto all-powerful hall mark of Paris. It proves, too, that were American talent encouraged, and were more women to take the decided stand adopted by Miss Neilson, it would be only a question of an amazingly short period before New York would cease to lag, as it now does, half a year or more behind Paris, but could stand, if not on terms of supremacy with her, certainly on equality.

Miss Neilson's wedding gown was a marvel of simplicity and becomingness. It was made by Madame Donovan, who also made Mrs. Neilson's wedding gown nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The reproduction of some of the gowns sketched from life will be a liberal education to those who are interested in knowing what is the "dernier cri" in modes.

The dinner gown is of deep yellow chiffon, a shade that is most difficult for any but one of Miss Neilson's perfect brunette type to wear. The entire waist sleeves and upper part of the skirt is bouillonnee by hand. This means a vast amount of labor that ordinarily one never sees in this country.

The corsage is decollete, a la surplice, and blouses decidedly in the front. The skirt below the bouillonnees ends in one double ruffle and two deep ruffles finished with selvaige edges. The skirt is, of course, loose from its lining of yellow taffeta silk, and is confined at the waist by a narrow belt of black satin.

Another charming dinner gown is of deep amethyst English crepe—the same as a black crepe in texture, but a great and exclusive novelty in color. This gown has a bebe waist, a plain, full skirt, and with it is worn a narrow belt of Russian gold, studded with amethysts of some size and fastened with a clasp formed of three of these huge purple stones.

An afternoon gown is of gray taffeta. The skirt, which is only moderately full, has a plain hem of seven inches, surmounted by a cluster of eight quarter-inch tucks, set wide apart. Directly above them are three narrow bouillonnees of gray chiffon. Another set of eight tucks, two bouillonnees of chiffon, more tucks, one row of chiffon, and then the skirt is quite plain to the waist. The corsage and sleeves are formed of alternate rows of tucks and bouillonnees of chiffon. The corsage blouse, decidedly all the way around, is

confined at the waist by a soft bias belt of taffeta that finishes in the back by a little bow of two loops, with ends about six inches long, outlined by the same narrow bouillonnees of chiffon. The stock collar is of soft folds of the chiffon edged top and bottom with the bouillonnees.

A morning gown is of biscuit muslin, dotted with white. The waist, as well as the sleeves, are plaided with transparent entre deux of narrow, black thread lace. The skirt is also plaided with entre deux and simulates a tablier; that in the front deep down in a point well below the knee and rising sharply to a short line on the hips and in the back. The whole gown is mounted separately over yellow taffeta. The sleeves are wrinkled a la mousquetaire, with scarcely any extra fulness at the top. The collar is formed of folds of the same plaided effect, surmounted by a narrow, full frill of black thread lace. The belt is of black taffeta.

An exceedingly smart and appropriate country gown is made of brown linen. This has six gores that are outlined by lapped seams and is unlined. It hangs marvellously well, and is the quintessence of simplicity and comfort. The blouse, which is also unlined, has a broad collar, machine stitched about the edge, to match the skirt. It fastens in the front invisibly under a machine-

stitched flap like a coat's. The sleeves are reduced shirt waist sleeves, finished with a four-inch light cuff that fastens with half a dozen tiny buttons covered with brown linen. The "V" is formed of folds of white pineapple muslin, arranged to follow the line of the throat line. One sees them arranged in the immaculate throat gear of certain sisterhoods. The belt is a ribbon of Russian gold, studded and fastened with golden ever-changing tiger's eyes.

Probably the most important item in a woman's wardrobe in almost every phase of life are her shirt waists. Whether they be of satin, of chiffon, or silk or of cotton, it is upon them she depends for her comfort in life—from a clothes point of view—and her ability to be successfully prepared by any and every emergency. Miss Neilson's trousseau included shirt waists in shoals. Perhaps the two smartest were one of cerise taffeta; the other of gleaming white satin of the hue known as oyster shell.

The blouse of cerise taffeta was crossed and counter-crossed by clusters of three tiny tucks four inches apart, until the whole had a plaided effect. The sleeves were also plaided by these fine tucks to the elbow. The waist was made to blouse all the way around, which is much newer and smarter than being light fitting in the back and blousing only in the front. At the throat is worn a cravat with pointed ends in black mousseline de soie, strapped with cerise taffeta and adorned with tiny tucks finished with frills of narrow black and gold lace.

The white satin blouse is entirely formed of quarter-inch tucks running horizontally. A yoke effect is formed by three tucks the same width across the back and front. The sleeves are formed of tucks the same width, only running around the arm. They extend well above the elbow. The cravat worn with this blouse is of white net strapped with white satin and finished with frills of the net.

Altogether, Miss Neilson has as tasteful a bridal outfit as any bride could wish for, and it is an American production at that!



AN OUTING DRESS FOR MISS NEILSON.

The best way of preserving the freshness of a delicate blouse of chiffon or other dainty fabric is to put it away in blue tissue paper, such as milliners use for hand boxes.

The Craze for Birth-Month Stones.

THE craze for wearing birth-month stones does not emanate from America, nor yet from Paris; London is not responsible for it, either. It is from remote Poland that the odd notion comes. Women there, according to an old legend, are saved all manner of ills by wearing the guardian charm of the month in which they were born; and men, too, if given such gems by a woman, are also saved and benefited.

Here is the true list. There are varieties, but the one given is direct from Poland:

January.	Garnet.	Constancy.
February.	Amethyst.	Sincerity.
March.	Bloodstone.	Courage; wisdom.
April.	Sapphire or diamond.	Free from enchantment; innocence.
May.	Emerald.	Success in love; discovers false friends.
June.	Agate.	Health and prosperity.
July.	Ruby.	Corrects evils of mistaken friendship; discovers poison.
August.	Sardonyx.	Means conjugal felicity.
September.	Chrysolite.	Antidote to madness; frees from sadness and evil passions.
October.	Opal.	Hope.
November.	Topaz.	Fidelity; prevents bad dreams.
December.	Turquoise.	Prosperity.

New Life for Old Roses.

THE rose jar, no matter how costly and beautiful, is a thing of the past. The up-to-date woman no longer prizes it as a receptacle for dried roses with sentiment attached to them. In its place has come the rose sachet—not the ancient form of sachet, either, with its cotton and batting and ounce of powder. It is a dainty thing made of the finest organdie or mull, beribboned and adorned with lace, just as the owner sees fit.

A pretty one shown the other day was of the finest of rose flowered organdie, with drawing strings and bows of pale green silk. The rose leaves of pink, yellow and deep red that shone through it and filled the room with their perfume were brought all the way across the continent from Tacoma. Another rose bag—for most of the new designs are in the shape of bags—was of white chiffon embroidered in butterflies, with a ruffle of the chiffon to set off the sides and bottom. The roses were picked in Southern California, at Christmastime, for an Eastern friend. Some women are using their pretty handkerchiefs to make designs for bags, for these precious sachets are not put in the chiffonier to waste their beauty there, but are suspended by their long ribbon strings to the back of an artistic chair. When the room is well heated, they emit a delicate perfume.